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A TUNNEL HOLOCAUST

A HUNDRED PARISIANS PERISH LIKE RATS IN A HOLE.

Twenty Dead Bodies Recovered Burned to a Crisp—Others Found with Features Distorted from Great Suffering.

Paris, Aug. 11.—Today this vast city is thrown into a gloom of sadness as a result of the terrible catastrophe which occurred on the Metropolitan Electric Railroad last evening.

The lines of this company traverse the city mostly in tunnels, and in one of the longest underground passages the frightful accident happened.

The horror was caused by a train breaking down in the tunnel at Menilmontant, a very populous district of the city. The passengers were fortunate in escaping from the train just as another came along. The second was given orders to push the disabled train out of the tunnel and to the repairing sheds. While this was being accomplished both trains took fire, but all aboard succeeded in escaping.

While the trains were burning, a crowded section from Les Couronnes arrived at the preceding station, and seeing dense clouds of smoke pouring from the tunnel, the people grew frantic and tried to escape through windows and every other means of egress. The smoke became unendurable, and many of those who had gained the outside of the train were suffocated. Others who tried to return to Belleville also lost their lives.

The railroad officials are severely criticised this morning for not at once running the train back from the smoke-filled passageway and for not compelling the passengers to remain in the cars until this could be accomplished.

Not until 7 o'clock this morning were firemen able to penetrate the tunnels at Menilmontant, the scene of last night's catastrophe. Seven corpses of persons were found who were smothered while buying tickets. Further on the body of the agent was found near the ticket booth. The fumes at this point were so dense and overpowering that the firemen were unable to penetrate further. At Couronnes station corpses were strewn at every step, and at 7 o'clock this morning 45 bodies had been removed to the surface, and within the next hour 35 more, making a total of 90.

The unhappy victims had left the train, evidently trying to reach the open air, when they became asphyxiated. The bodies bore a convulsed appearance. Many were holding handkerchiefs to their mouths.

Faces were swollen and distorted, and in many cases the skin had peeled off.

The victims were equally divided into men, women and children. Some were handsomely dressed and had evidently been prominent, but few identifications have as yet been made.

The terrible mortality was caused by smoke, the people having no means of egress except through a narrow stairway.

Eighteen months ago the Paris fire department warned officials of the Metropolitan Railway to put in airholes the entire distance of their tunnels, in order to allow fumes and gases to escape. The order was ignored.

As the foreman advanced bodies were removed from the tunnel to the entrance, where they were temporarily laid in a long line of waiting hearses and ambulances. An immense crowd surrounded the morgue. Thirteen bodies have so far been identified, but 20 are burned beyond recognition.

Exploration of the tunnel progresses slowly, with extreme precaution, as a collapse of a portion of the street is feared. Here and there in the fatal tunnel large pools of blood reveal the fearful struggle of life between the panic stricken fugitives. The prominent artist, Sandillon, was found among the dead.

As official inquiry is proceeding, the most vivid description of the accident is told, which is consistent with the version of Station-

master Didier at Couronnes station.

It is now said that train 43 was disabled before reaching Barbes, and was emptied of all passengers, who walked to the station. The second train was coupled on to the disabled one to clear the track, and both ran by four stations very rapidly, and when nearing Couronnes flames were seen issuing from the floors and sides of the rear car.

"I motioned," said M. Didier, "the fact, and desperately cried to stop. I yelled to the trainmen that they couldn't reach the terminus, but the mechanics in charge shouted back to leave them alone. The train swept into the tunnel and Menilmontant station was almost reached, when a violent explosion occurred, and instantly eight cars were aflame, leaving the employees barely time to jump and run for their lives.

"Flames rising to the top of the tunnel melted the electric wires, throwing the tunnel into darkness save for the lurid glare of the conflagration. Train 48 arrived just then, filled with passengers, and stopped 300 yards from the burning cars. A panic followed. Some persons tried to run to Belleville station, and others for Couronnes. Some escaped while others fell asphyxiated."

Another witness, a passenger, Oliver, said the passengers fought desperately when they jumped to the track and started to flee. Women and children were trampled under foot and were stricken down. Oliver says had the mob turned toward Belleville instead of Couronnes many more would have been saved. Every one acted for himself and admitted that he ran over prostrate persons, and said if he had 30 feet further to go he couldn't have saved his own life.

One instance of heroism and coolness was displayed by the station agent at Belleville, who tried to reassure the people and implored calmness. He was not heeded, but screaming and fighting, the panic-stricken passengers jumped over one another. One passenger named Berne personally rescued 10 persons. The stationmaster himself refused to leave his post until he fell and was asphyxiated, after which the stifling fumes prevented further penetration into the tunnel.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Great comment was occasioned here today by General Miles, who gave an extended interview on his views of armies and war. The retired general said that he did not hesitate to say that standing armies are enemies to republicanism and the peace of the world.

He went further and stated that the aristocracy more particularly desired an army, but that their retention was a tax on the people, which would be eliminated to the well-being of all democratic forms of government.

The general said that war is abhorrent, and human intelligence denounces it.

"I advocate a congress of powers and the adoption of the rule that one soldier is enough for each thousand inhabitants.

"Let soldiers become artisans and farmers," said General Miles, "add thus relieve the world of a million parasites whose sole business is useless war. The armies of the world are artificial, and if maintained will eventually cause disaster."

Accompanying General Miles on his westward trip is a considerable party of veterans, including General Black and General Maus, who is going to Fort Reno to assume command.

The statement of General Miles and his strong advocacy of elimination of the army has caused a marked stir in all industrial and commercial circles.

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L. L. Brooks.

HALF-A-SNAKE BITE.

A MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A SNAKE THAT FOUGHT IN SECTIONS.

At First It Made a Lunge for the Horse's Leg—Cut It in Two With a Hatchet—Bitten in the Forefinger—Arm Badly Swollen.

Williamsport, Pa., Aug. 5.—William Schley, of Decatur township, has resolved to never again cut a rattlesnake into more than two pieces. An experience which he had a day or two ago has convinced him that he may make two snakes out of one with impunity, but when he gets greedy and tries to make three, there is apt to be trouble. Incidentally Mr. Schley has learned that as snake-bite medicine common chicken can give cards and spades to whisky—a remedy which heretofore has been regarded as an indispensable adjunct to life in this mountainous region.

It may be of interest to many to know just how it feels to be bitten by half a snake, and so Mr. Schley's account of his experience is given as he told it. While he talked he held a swollen and discolored right arm in a sling and sat dangling his legs from the platform outside the crossroads store, near his home. A half dozen of his friends stood about and listened with awe at the recital, which had to be repeated as often as another man appeared on the scene.

"It happened up here in Sharer's Gap, said Mr. Schley. 'I started for a mess of huckleberries. After driving up through Bald Eagle valley to the gap, I hitched my horse and took my basket from the buggy. It was just a few feet from there that the berries were thick. I was crossing the road to the patch when I saw a big rattler right in front of me. In my time I have killed some big ones, but none that could hold a feather to that fellow.

"For a moment I stood admiring him and wondering how I could catch him. He seemed peaceable enough, coiled up there in the road, and I thought he might stay there till I could get a crooked stick in the woods and catch him. I had a hatchet in the buggy and went to get it, thinking to cut a crooked stick with it.

"Well, sir, that snake must have been watching me, for the moment I turned my back it made a lunge for the horse's leg. I brought the hatchet down on the rattler, and when I lifted it there were two snakes where there had been but one before. I had cut the fellow in two, and yet I hadn't taken the fight out of him. No, sir. He kept right on—that is, the front part of him did—and in another moment he was ready to strike the horse. So again my hatchet went down, but he swerved aside and let me have those fangs right in the forefinger of my right hand here.

"Well, I tried to shake him off, but he wouldn't shake worth a cent. In my excitement I forgot that I had a horse and buggy so near at hand, but I did remember that Christ Sharer lived about five miles from where I was, and I started over the hill toward his house. I put my foot down on the end of the snake and pulled my hand free from his fangs. I ran faster than before until I reached Sharer's home.

My finger had swollen to twice its natural size and my hand was badly swollen. My arm was blue up to the elbow. Sharer at once bound my arm to stop the circulation and then poured whiskey into me.

"Sharer killed a chicken and split it open. Then he split my finger where the fangs had entered and placed the chicken on the wound. The chicken meat turned green and yellow, and gradually the swelling in my arm went down and the pain stopped. Mr. Sharer then made a poultice of soap and the white of an egg, and put it on the wound.

"This relieved the pain and soon the liquor that I had poured into me sent me to sleep. I remained at Mr. Sharer's house all day and then went home. Although the swelling had gone my arm felt sore and I expect it will be some time before I can use a hatchet again."

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What is worth doing is worth doing well, and so in selling coffees, we sell only the best—Chase & Sanborn's importations—P. M. Zierolf.

OBEYS THE SCRIPTURES.

Why Dr. Darrin Does Not Hide His Light Under a Bushel.

(Albany Democrat.)

Those who search the scripture will find therein words advising mankind not to make a practice of hiding lights under a bushel.

We do not know that it was from studying the Bible that Dr. Darrin got the idea of advertising, but we do know that since he has resided in Albany the doctor has not been afraid to use printer's ink.

Experience has proven to the doctor that in no other way can the afflicted learn so quickly that there is a present opportunity to be healed; that chronic cases can be cured; that new life and energy can be imparted to those within whose breasts hope of health had almost ceased to exist; that the worthy poor can be treated free; that all others can receive treatment at a price to accommodate their means at his office in the Revere House.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

TO THE EDITOR: For ten years I have been afflicted with ulcerated catarrh of the head and throat, and bleeding of the nose. I found no relief until I consulted Dr. Darrin in Salem one year ago. His treatment by "electricity and medicine" has cured me. I write this that others similarly afflicted may avail themselves of Dr. Darrin's skill while he is in Albany. I reside at Waterloo, Or., and will gladly tell any particulars by letters or in person. MRS. NELLIE DEMPSEY.

Mrs. C. A. Esteb's little girl, Jefferson, Or., has been cured of discharging ears, dark brown color of the skin from effects of kidney and liver complaint, also diabetes.

A. L. Frimire, Salem, deafness, ulcerated catarrh so it had eaten through the septum of the nose, cured.

DR. DARRIN'S PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Dr. Darrin can be consulted free from 10 to 5 o'clock daily; evening 7 to 8; Sunday 10 to 3, at Revere Hotel, until October 1.

The doctor makes a specialty of all diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, catarrh, deafness, bronchitis, la grippe, heart, liver, bladder and kidney diseases or those who suffer from apathy and indifference; also consumption, genito urinary and skin diseases in either sex, such as blood taints, seminal weakness and lost vigor, varicocele and stricture.

All curable chronic diseases treated at \$5 a week or in that proportion of time as the case may require. No case published except by the permission of the patient. All business relations with Dr. Darrin strictly confidential. Electrical appliances furnished. One visit is desirable though many cases can be treated by home treatment by writing symptoms.

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